

# The Evening World

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## AN UNSENTIMENTAL VERDICT.

During the first eleven months of this year The Evening World carried 10,653½ columns of display advertising, a gain of 3,883½ columns over the corresponding eleven months of last year. This gain is unequalled by that of any other paper in New York, and is nearly four times greater than the gain made by the next highest.

Why?

The Evening World aims to be the great home paper of New York—always clean, always sane, always intelligent—a paper to be taken home by the home-goers and not thrown away in the cars by the male members of the family after they have satisfied a morbid curiosity at the moment in the flashy!

It is not a paper filled with politics. It does not specialize business and financial news to such a degree as to be a paper interesting only to men. It bears constantly in mind the interests of those who make up the home circle. Evidently the advertisers have realized that the proof is furnished by the enormous and unequalled increase of their demands on its columns. They have found it the great medium between the shop and the home.

In order that the reader should not be deprived of the news or a fair allowance of entertaining and enlightening information and illustration The Evening World has recently printed a larger paper than ever before in its history. It gives the reader daily a greater amount of reading matter than any other evening paper approximating its volume of display advertising.

Its claim has long been that it is the home paper of New York, and the astonishing figures of growth of advertising show the judgment of the advertisers who wish to reach the home. It is a thoroughly unsentimental verdict.

## UNION ART.

It looks encouragingly as if every grand opera at the Metropolitan will be nothing less than a glad poem of unionism. Trusts have gnawed their blighting way into our trades, our industries, our very professions; and in these fields unionism has had to fight a desperate fight almost for its life itself. But trusts when they have reached the ideal realms of operatic art have shrunk abashed. And in those realms unionism holds proud and undisputed sway. This is only natural. What have mergers to do with music, syndicates with symphony, organization with orchestration, or conversions with counterpoint? The very names breathe incompatibility. On the other hand, how admirably is unionism fitted to the spirit of Union and Harmony, how apt to discern the faintest discord, how unerring a judge of brass, of wood and of strings! Music will not have reached her highest sphere till every orchestra is unionized. And even then she should not rest content, but, soaring upward to celestial heights, make all the heavenly harpists take out cards.

## "DAD" AND "KID."

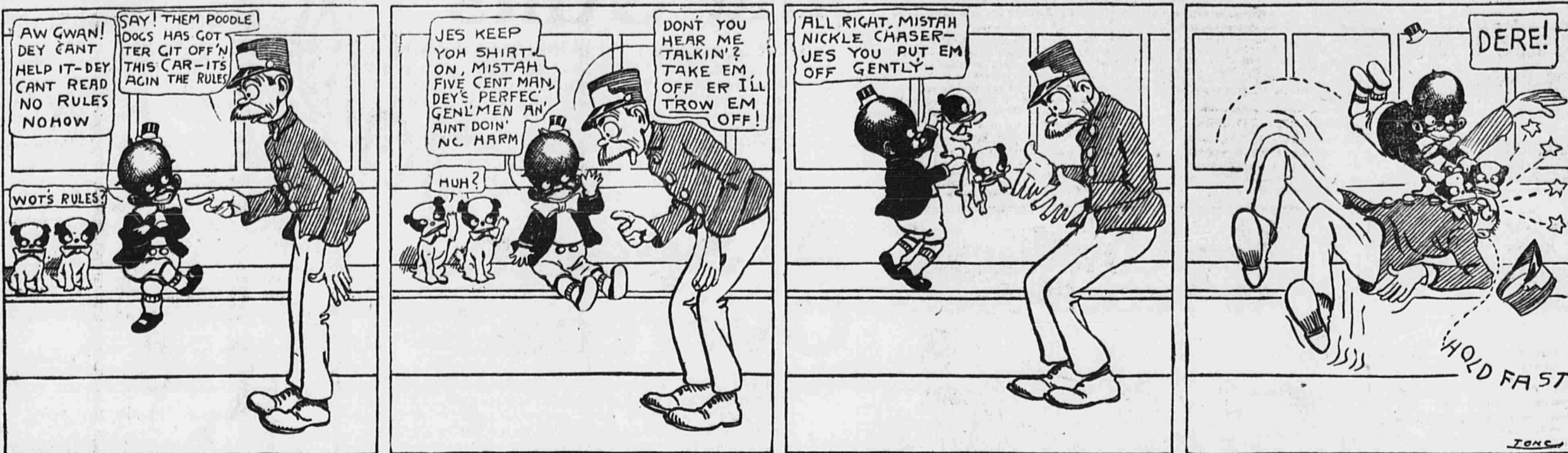
An affection somewhat more than platonic which recently sought a municipal court for solace and cash recompense has revealed a series of ardent letters which form a most valuable contribution to the literature of love. In one occurs a line which may be looked upon as containing the very essence of the inspiring cause of such attachments.

"Come along home," it reads, "you will find 'Dad,' caddy, cocktail, champagne, flowers and beer awaiting your arrival, also Mr. Hug and Mr. Squeeze."

"Dad" was rather elderly, but the menu of material inducements he offered the fair one had much to recommend it. While the froth was on the champagne and the "collar" on the beer all went well. Cupid grew fat and saucy on chop-house fare and everything was couleur de rose.

But as the champagne became flat and the beer stale the lady's interest in Mr. Hug and Mr. Squeeze diminished, little rifts came within the lute, quarrels followed and in course of time "Dad" found it advisable to go. The pathetic picture of his final adieu as he stood respectfully looking back through the door of the threshold which he was not to cross again, as detailed in one of the letters, is moving in the extreme.

# LITTLE DIXIE—The Coon Kid Puts the "Dog Rule" Up to the Conductor.



## The Love That Casteth Out Fear.

By Helen Oldfield.

UNDOUBTEDLY every one, man or woman, ought to know ones own mind, but undoubtedly, also, there may be many who come short of their duty to themselves in this respect. Therefore it is scarcely surprising that the question should be mooted by one or another, "How is one to know for certain whether one is really in love or not?"

Young girls not infrequently have an idea that having a lover and falling in love is a necessary part of their entrance into womanhood; the word "fall" suggesting a sort of predestined helplessness. Should no such event take place within a short time after her debut she is restless and dissatisfied. She sees other girls of her own age, some of whom she is assured are not superior to her in either good looks or other charms, who become engaged and marry, while she is possessed with the mortifying sense of social failure.

In this strait she catches at the first straw which offers and fancies feelings which do not exist. She is apt to exaggerate any little attentions paid her, even the commonplace courtesies of the ballroom, into a positive avowal, and, worse still, she misconstrues the flatterings of vanity in her own heart for the emotions of real love.

This fictitious sentiment she feeds upon day dreams and novel reading. Sooner or later, however, the illusion vanishes, and the sense of emptiness which it leaves behind is magnified, perhaps, into a great sorrow, which is petted and nursed until it casts a shadow over all the little happiness can be expected for the couple who have married under such auspices.

"Falling in love" is usually a gradual process, a gentle descent more than a sudden plunge. Indeed, it ought not to be a descent at all.

True love should elevate rather than lower all one's aims and ideals in life. And when true love comes, even though it be, as sometimes chances, as a thief in the night, instead of as a fairy prince with silver trumpet and golden drum, there need be no fear but that he will make his presence known, that he will give the counter-sign at sound of which the gates of the fortress must fly open.

## The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

A Bold, Bad, Big Boy Puts a Sad End to His Sled-Riding with Miss Sixfoot.



## The Man Higher Up

Christmas Shoppers on the "L."

"MY wife got on a Harlem train at the Eighteenth street station of the Sixth avenue 'L' last night," announced the Cigar Store Man, "and when she got home her clothes were in ribbons."

"But she had the ribbons," said the Man Higher Up. "She was dead lucky that she didn't have to go home in an ambulance wrapped in a blanket. I used to think that the City Hall station of the Third avenue 'L' was in the suburbs of the limit, but the stations in Sixth avenue between Eighth and Thirty-third streets have got it trimmed to a fare-you-well."

"When the Sixth avenue 'L' was built, a quarter of a century or so ago, there were two tracks and stations every few blocks. The stations were built to accommodate crowds, and they were crowded then. These same stations stand to this day. The platforms haven't been widened, the passageways by the ticket offices haven't been widened, and with a few exceptions the stairways are the same width they were when the contractors turned the road over to the company."

"In the past few years the shopping district has grown like a St. Bernard pup in a flat. It extends from Fourteenth street to Thirty-sixth street, and it is spreading all the time. Hundreds of thousands of persons have been drawn into the neighborhood of the traffic copers and sightseers, and the same little old dub right way that was built back in the seventies is used to handle trains."

"The company has made one improvement. At Thirty-third street it has widened the stairs on the uptown side. This gives more people a chance to crowd on the platform, which has not been widened. It would cost money to push cantilevers or props out from the posts and build a station there on which people could stand without endangering their lives. That is the reason that a decent platform hasn't been put in. Further down, at Twenty-eighth, Twenty-third, Eighteenth and Fourteenth streets, where shop-girls and customers of the big stores troop for the trains by the thousands, the accommodations would disgrace a dinky narrow-gauge line in Michigan."

Railroads try to handle traffic with the least car mileage consistent with accommodation. For that reason there are long runs and short runs. On the Sixth avenue 'L', there are probably 50 per cent. of the traffic originates above Fourteenth street, all the trains, except a few that are switched at Franklin street, run to Rector street or South Ferry and are jammed before they get to Eighth street. There is a switch at Waverley place, but it is not used. It would cost money to employ a man to throw it."

"There doesn't seem to be any relief in sight," complained the Cigar-Store Man. "Oh, there will be plenty of relief," said the Man Higher Up, "when everybody owns his own automobile."

# \$100 THE GIRL IN RED \$100

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XI.  
The Worm Turns.  
The line at last makes all things even. The do but watch the hour. There never yet was human power which could evade, if unforgotten. The patient search and wait for the day when the worm turns.

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for the cliff make the signal we agreed on and follow him there. I'll have everything ready, and Mr. Arthur Gray shall be waiting for me. He does not expect. Yolande will have the joy of discovering his body on the rocks below in the morning."

"But," pleaded the little man, pattering hurriedly along in Farjeon's wake. "It is most important that I speak to you first for a moment. It concerns yourself. Let me come down to the cliff with you a moment. I'll be back in time to intercept Gray. We shall be safe from interruption there. What I have to tell concerns you vitally."

The concentrated earnestness in the secretary's manner impressed Farjeon in spite of himself. Half contemptuously, he bent his steps toward the cliff. Symes trotting nervously behind him like a cowed puppy. Arriving there, Farjeon turned and asked, impatiently: "Well, what's this wonderful secret that concerns me? Speak out, idiot!"

The man who had struck the blow tossed aside the hammer he had used to such effect, and, drawing from under his coat a coil of rope, swiftly bound the unconscious Farjeon hand and foot. He paused in the work and looked up. Toward him were strolling a man and a girl. Dragging his bound victim under a bush he crouched silently beside him in the shadow, hidden from view yet able to see and hear the advancing couple.

Slowly, as from a great distance, Simon Farjeon's spirit returned to his inert body. He gazed upward at the star-strewn sky. Then he tried to raise his hand to his bruised head. His hand refused to obey the command of the brain. This brought back his full consciousness with a rush. He became suddenly aware that his hands were bound tightly together and that a bunch of cloth had been thrust into his mouth and bound into place by a handkerchief.

As he moved convulsively a childlike happy chuckle close to his head made him turn his eyes quickly toward the sound.

There, sitting on the ground beside him, he beheld Jared Symes. A keener look revealed the fact that an expression of utter contentment had superseded the timid, desperate air usually worn by the little secretary.

## Find the Girl's Age. \$100 in Prizes.

FIRST PRIZE.....\$25  
SECOND PRIZE.....\$10  
13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH.....\$5

before they reach you. Don't imagine I'm trying to be frivolous or my knife point may change your views somewhat. Lie still!"

Jared shrank more closely back into the shadow and the point of the short carving knife he held gently pricked Kathleen's throat.

Kathleen and Gray had arrived within yards of the hiding place. "You must have been mistaken in thinking you heard a cry," said Gray.

How to Tell the Age of the Girl in Red.

Fill out this blank when the story is completed with your selection from the three numbers printed in each chapter, and send it to "Girl in Red" Editor Evening World, P. O. Box 124, New York City. The story will end Saturday, Dec. 5, but answers will be received up to noon Monday, Dec. 7.

No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.
1	3	5	Subtract	9	Subtract
2	Add	6	Add	10	Add
3	Add	7	Add	11	Multiply by
4	Add	8	Add	12	Divide by

The Girl in Red's Age.....Years.....Months  
Sender's Name.....  
Address.....

\$500 in Prizes  
The Girl in Blue  
New Mystery Story Next Monday

\$500 in Prizes  
The Girl in Blue  
New Mystery Story N. Monday

ness one of the rare instances of that hackneyed phrase known as "Virtue Triumphant." And in a few minutes the stars above will witness a companion tableau entitled, "Vice Punished."

In response to the look of incredulous bewilderment still stamped on Farjeon's face Symes continued:

"Yes, it was I who struck you down. It was I who gagged you and bound you hand and foot. It is I who am going to kill you—by and by. No, I'm not crazy. Or, if I am, I've always been so. I wonder how many times in the past 3 years I've rehearsed this scene in my mind and gloated over it and turned hot all over and jumped up and down in excitement as I thought how heavenly it would be to have you in my mercy, to make you writhe as you've made me writhe. And, oh, the blessed reality is so much more beautiful than I dreamed it could be. For months I've gone over every detail in my mind."

"Yes, I've planned too long and too carefully for any chance of failure. I was in your power. It was only as a favor to you that Mr. Romaine kept me as his secretary. He has often wanted to discharge me. He said I was inefficient. Perhaps I was. I had some things that my work to think of. I could not afford to lose my position. My mother depended on my salary. But my mother is dead. She died to-day. And now there is nothing to deter me. But there is no hurry. Let us have a quiet little talk, you and I, my dear old friend and benefactor."

(To Be Concluded.)

NO UNCERTAINTY.  
"What was the origin of what is known as the 'whiskey inscription'?" asked the teacher of the class of United States history.

"Carrie Nation," answered half a dozen voices at once, "Chicago Tribune."